don't look back in anger by billnsteve

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Angst, F/M, Fluff, Harringrove, M/M, Multi, Redemption, Season 3 Centric, Smut, billnsteve, everyone trying to get things back to sort of normal, fuck it, i'm making my own season 3, maybe you want it to?, not v angsty tbh, the ending/season i want
Language: English
Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Original Characters, Steve Harrington, Will Byers
Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/ Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2018-04-26
Updated: 2018-05-23
Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:53:32
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 6
Words: 6,644
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

the week after winter break ends, everyone is back to school, living as normal a life as they could, you know with a telekinetic thirteen year old and the weird inter-dimensional creatures trying to kill them and all.

or

billy tries to be better, max can hold a grudge, lucas breaks his arm, steve finds himself staring at a guys ass, will and dustin dissect a demogorgon, mike defends steve's honor, el learns to ride a bike and nancy and jonathan try to hook up hopper and joyce.

welcome to billnsteve's interpretation of season 3

1. Max and Billy

Billy and Max

"Hey. How um- How was school?" Billy mumbles as Max slams the door to the camaro and sinks down into her seat with her arms crossed, Billy tosses his cigarette out the window.

She sends one of her signature 'don't fucking harass me today' glares and blows a dark red strand of hair out of her face, the rest of her hair up in a scrunchie, as Billy just sits there patiently, tapping his fingers on the wheel while the engine purrs quietly and Talking Heads mumbles the lyrics to Psycho Killer over the car radio.

Max lets out a groan and turns to face him, her arms still crossed.

"Look- I know you're not doing the whole asshole thing with me anymore because I nearly took your nuts off with a bat like less than a month ago- But I'm not doing this thing, whatever it is. We were like.. Okay in Cali and then we came here and you broke my shit and tried to kill my friends. Twice." Max huffs out angrily, narrowing her eyes.

"Alright fine. We're going bowling." Billy grumbles, turning the keys in the ignition with a glare out the windshield.

"**WHAT**?! No we're not?! We're going home Billy!" Max squeals, starting to unbuckle her seat belt and reach for the door handle.

Billy locks the doors quickly and pulls off.

"Let me out!" She screams, punching at his shoulder and thrashing around angrily.

Billy rolls his eyes and shoves her back into her seat with a grunt, mumbling a 'buckle your seat belt' before stepping down on the gas pedal.

"*I hate you*." She sniffs, staring out the window.

"Don't fucking cry, *jesus*." Billy sounds pathetic now but it's Max and honestly, what the fuck does it matter? She's seen him with a dick in his mouth and then bleeding in a pile of his own vomit. Back when they were good, at least.

"Why do you do crazy stuff all the time? Can't you just leave me alone like Nancy does with Mike?" Max rubs at her eyes furiously as they drive down the empty road.

"I just-I don't know how to apologize. And I know, you won't accept it no matter how much I try." Billy mutters with a small shrug.

"Damn straight." Max huffs out, with a small grin.

"Now what's got you so god damn emotional red?" Billy bites back a smile as he ruffles her hair and she smacks his hand away.

She turns and pulls the scrunchie out, revealing unevenly chopped hair chunks.

"Some- Some bitch in seventh period cut my hair. Everyone laughed. It was- God I hate it." She started with her crying again and Billy swerved into a parking lot.

She squealed in shock before looking up, tears in her eyes.

"I thought we were going bowling?" She frowns, going to tie her hair back up but Billy grabs her wrist and stops the car.

He drops her wrist and ruffles her hair again.

"Let's go. Come on." Billy gets out and slams the door, looking down through the window as Max narrows her eyes at him.

"You're buying weed here aren't you?" She grumbles as she peers back up at the dingy tattoo shop.

"Jesus. Get out kid. I can continue being the bane of your existence after we're done here." Billy starts walking towards the shop and Max gets out and catches up to him quickly.

"*I hate you*." She says under her breath, arms crossed.

"Get in line." He snorts before holding open the door for her.

She hesitantly steps inside and Billy shuts the door behind them.

"Bills! How's things going with that sassy lady friend of yours?" The guy walking up to the counter grins.

Billy goes pale for a second when Max turns and raises her eyebrows at him.

"This ain't her is it? Little young." He crosses his arms and quirks an eyebrow.

"**No**. *No*- **No**. Uh- This- Is my sister, Max. I need you to fix this shit Mick." He nods at her hair and she glares.

"We talking Shirley Temple or Molly Ringwald?" He raises an eyebrow.

"Neither. We're talking fix this shit. Straighten the bottom. You make her look like Shirley Temple and she'll kill both of us. Hey and what's that shit you used to take that dudes hair off that one time?" Billy leans against the counter while Max looks through some tattoo art books.

"Nair. Why? Thought you wanted me to fix er' hair up, not take it off?" Mick snorts as Billy slides him a twenty.

"Not for her. Little bitch in school nicked my kid sister up, not letting it go that easy. And you know what Mickey? Make her look like fuckin' Blondie. Minus the uh- Blonde. Just don't give her a perm." Billy mumbles quietly, sliding another twenty and slumping down in the chair as Max follows the guy into the back with a face full of confusion.

Max steps out an hour later with a huge grin, Billy stuffing Nair into his jacket pocket.

"Thank you Billy." She says bashfully, doing a little twirl to show it off before hugging Mick.

"Hey- Bring her back sometime- Kids a damn firecracker." Mick slaps

a hand gently on Billy's shoulder before waving them goodbye.

Max and Billy are silent as they get back in the car.

"Thanks." She breathes out as they pull up in front of the house, the porch light shining brightly as the sky begins to darken.

"Yeah well-" Billy begins but Max cuts him off.

"Who's your sassy lady friend?" Max spills out, staring ahead out the window with a gulp.

"Maxi-" Billy's grip on the wheel tightens, but she cuts him off before he can start.

"I know- What I did... In California. But I'm trying. I still like hate you. But not because- Not because your lady friend isn't a lady." Max bites down on her lip.

Billy stays silent and swallows down the lump in his throat, his heart beating fast.

"I'm gonna... You can tell me when- If you're ever ready or- or want to. I won't tell. I promise." She holds out her pinkie and Billy hesitantly interlocks his with hers.

She leans forward and kisses it and he awkwardly does the same.

"Anyways. I still hate you and think you're awful. But um- Maybe not that awful." She blushes before getting out of the car and scurrying inside.

Billy tilts his head back against the seat for a second before driving off.

He counted four. Four times she said she hated him. Definitely not as many times as he had said it to himself

blondie (ft. how i picture max's new haircut - the blonde)

2. Steve and Dustin

Summary for the Chapter:

> thundercats is on, will has an impromptu movie night, dustin loves nougat and will tries to set billy up

Notes for the Chapter:

> dear lawdddd. this is not how i expected to write this but i did it so. more to come, soon i hope.

Steve and Dustin

"So we're eating dinner and Mike's mom says- Right in front of Ted too- I once made out with Ms. Byers in a closet, in high school. You should've seen Mike- He spit his milk all over Nance- She was freaking out. Ted almost shit his pants!" Dustin wheezes as Steve walks down the candy aisle of Melvalds.

"We did a lot more than make out, boys." Ms. Byers peers through the shelf with a smirk before placing a box on it.

"Oh jesus." Steve sighs, scrubbing a hand over his face before grabbing a pack of skittles and turning to see Dustin with at least ten pounds of nougat in his arms.

"No. Absolutely not." Steve shakes his head, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Look I know you've got this whole thing because of Dar-" Dustin starts but Steve cuts him off with some ungodly noise.

"No. No no no. Shut up. Just get the damn candy and- Don't talk. Okay?" Steve grumbles defeatedly before heading to the counter and setting his skittles down.

Dustin elbows him aside and drops all of his nougat unceremoniously

on the counter before emptying out a cart full of medical supplies onto the counter.

"So you're a lesbian?" Dustin raises an eyebrow as Joyce starts scanning their stuff curiously.

"I can appreciate a man and a womans body all the same, sweetheart." Joyce rolls her eyes fondly, before bagging everything.

"So you're a half lesbian?" Dustin asks confused.

"Sure, sweetie. Whatever you wanna call it." Joyce ruffles his hair before turning to Steve with the total.

He hands her a ten and tucks his wallet back in his jeans.

"So does that mean Steve's a half lesbian?" Dustin furrows his eyebrows, Steve freezing beside him with wide eyes.

"Steve can't be a lesbian. He's a boy." Joyce giggles behind her hand as they stand there in conversation, Steve robotically taking the bag, his face pale.

"Well he likes boys too. So he's a lesbian." Dustin scoffs, crossing his arms and rolling his eyes at her.

"No no no, sweetie. That means he's half gay." Joyce sighs, looking up at Steve with a small smile.

"It's called bisexual. Not half gay." An all too familiar voice slides past them and sets his stuff on the counter.

"Billy! Will has been waiting for you to come over again, honey." Joyce grins at him, leaning against the counter.

"Was on my way over now, actually. Bought him a new record and got him some of those gross liquorice things he likes." Billy mumbles bashfully, setting down said candy, along with a pack of animal crackers.

Dustin stares at their conversation in horror while Steve not so casually slides his eyes down to Billy's ass. He stares for awhile until

Billy turns and locks eyes with him.

"Hey. Can we talk?" Billy bites down on his bottom lip and raises an eyebrow.

"He is not going anywhere near you!" Dustin squeals, stepping in front of Steve.

Joyce walks into the back to clean up, rolling her eyes the whole way.

"Dustin, just go wait in the car for a minute, alright?" Steve pushes the bag into Dustin's arms before following Billy out to the back alleyway.

"I have mace!" Dustin yells after them, standing at the front of store with a sigh.

Billy leans against the wall and lights a cigarette, Steve leaning beside him and looking down at the ground, flicking his lighter open and closed.

"Alright good talk." Steve turns to leave after a minute of silence.

"Just- Been meaning to say sorry to you for awhile. So. Sorry." Billy doesn't look at Steve as he exhales a cloud of smoke in front of him.

"Yeah, I'm sorry too." Steve shrugs, stuffing his lighter back into his pocket and turning to leave again.

Billy grabs his arm and pulls him back.

"I mean it, alright Harrington? I did a shitty thing and.. I'm really sorry." Billy stomps out his cigarette and looks up into Steve's eyes.

"Is that why you didn't beat me up for being half gay?" Steve crosses his arms.

"It's bisexual, Steve. It means you like guys and girls." Billy rolls his eyes.

"How the hell do you even know that?" Steve scoffs, furrowing his

eyebrows.

"I was in this group in Cali for awhile. They talk about all that shit.. Anyways, I got shit to do. Later, Harrington." Billy slaps him on the shoulder before walking past him and heading back through the front.

Steve stares down at the ground trying to figure out what the hell just happened.

"Jesus christ Steve! We're gonna miss Thundercats!" Dustin yells as he rounds the corner of the building, cat ears on his head and a pair in his hand.

"Let's go." Steve sighs, grabbing the pair from Dustin's hands and sliding it on.

As they're climbing into the Beemer, Billy throws a wink from where he's leaning against his camaro.

Steve's entire face flushes and he hurries out of the parking lot.

"So where'd you say we were watching this?" Steve swallows the lump down in his throat as he drives onto the main road.

"Will's. We have stuff to do after. You can stay and hang with Jonathan if you want." Dustin shrugs, already munching down on some candy bar.

"Yeah. I think I'll just stay for Thundercats and pick you up later." Steve snorts, snagging a chunk from Dustin and popping it into his mouth.

"So what did Billy say?" Dustin chews obnoxiously, spit flying in several directions, luckily none of those directions are near Steve.

"Sorry." Steve shrugs, turning down the dirt road to the Byer's place.

"No way." Dustin cackles, shaking his head and getting out.

Steve rolls his eyes before adjusting his cat ears and following Dustin inside, obviously being left to carry all the bags.

"Dustin.. *Steve*... Hey. Hope you don't mind, but I invited a friend over to watch with us." Will mumbles awkwardly as he walks off back into the living room, the door open for them to follow.

"A friend? Who?" Dustin yawns, plopping down onto the couch while Steve dumps all the bags onto the kitchen table that has some weird black tarp placed over it.

It's the Byer's house, so he's learned to just go with things and not question them too much.

"Erm.. Look don't be mad-" Will starts as a familiar engine roars into the driveway.

"Is that-?" Dustin rushes to the window and looks out.

"He's nice now. I promise." Will smiles bashfully as he goes to get the door.

Billy eyes the Beemer before slowly getting out of his car and meeting Will up on the porch.

"Uh.. Harrington here to see your brother?" Billy swallows, wringing his hands together as Will leans against the door frame.

"Nope. Invited him and Dustin to watch Thundercats with us." Will gives Billy a not so subtle wink and heads in.

He had a thirteen year old trying to hook him up, this was honestly pitiful.

"Guys. You know Billy." Will gestures towards him before dragging Billy down onto the couch in between him and Steve.

"Yep. Just saw him actually." Dustin grits out as Steve freezes awkwardly, eyes wide as Billy's arm brushes against his.

"**Oh** yeah. *Urh*.. At Melvalds." Steve nods, biting down on his lips nervously.

"Alright enough chit chat. Let's get this shit on the road." Billy ruffles Will's hair with a smile before Will rushes up to the television and turns the knob.

When Will gets back on the couch, he squishes Billy further into Steve.

Billy sends Will a glare before crossing his arms and leaning back.

This was most definitely going to be a long night.

ft. a thundercats gif

Notes for the Chapter:

thanks for reading! leave a comment if ya liked it or ya know, feel like commenting. x

3. Will and Dustin

Summary for the Chapter:

> will and dustin dissect a demogorgon, weird shit happens, will tells dustin some personal information

Will and Dustin

"I can't believe *Billy* let Steve fall asleep on him!" Dustin mock whispers as Will and him drag the dead demogorgon up the basement stairs.

"He was tired. Plus Billy isn't that bad, you know?" Will shrugs, him and Dustin grunting as they lift the thing onto the table, all the tools laid out neatly beside it.

"When did you and him become best friends anyways, huh?" Dustin furrows his eyebrows as Will slides on a pair of goggles.

"We're not- Ugh- He was still here when we got home from the lab. He was cleaning up and- crying...And- Anyways, he's sorry. Just give him a chance. Okay? He's got like real people feelings." Will sighs as he snaps on a pair of latex gloves, Dustin doing the same as Will grabs a scalpel.

"Mike didn't wanna come?" Dustin grimaces as Will brings the scalpel up to the demogorgons stomach.

"He hasn't talked to me in awhile. Found out I was with Billy at the arcade a few weeks ago." Will frowns, cutting it open and jumping back when black goo comes oozing out of it.

Dustin grabs the scalpel from him with a roll of the eyes and cuts diagonally across the initial cut.

"You sure Billy and Steve aren't gonna wake up?" Will mumbles as Dustin sticks his gloved hand into its stomach.

"Nah. Don't think so. Oh- *OH*. Hey dude! I think I found its heart!" Dustin grins as he goes to pull something out.

He pulls out a black circular shaped ball and squishes it in his hands a little. Will grabs it and all of the sudden it starts glowing dark red through the tiny vein like cracks all across it. He throws it back to Dustin with a small screech and backs up into the fridge. It stops glowing when Dustin drops it on the floor. Dustin backs up beside Will as the dark ball turns into a puddle of black liquid and begins slinking its way up the table leg and back into the demogorgons body.

When their breathing slows down, they step towards it carefully to find the stomach had been closed off completely and the things chest was moving.

"Oh god." Will swallows as the claws of it grip the sides of the table.

It sits up and turns to face Will before opening its face and letting out an inhuman noise.

"STEVE!" Dustin screams out, dragging a frozen Will out into the living room with him.

Steve nearly falls off the couch but Billy catches him and they lock eyes for a minute before Dustin is grabbing them both and pulling himself and Will behind Steve and Billy.

The demogorgon stomps out into the living room with large, black, squelchy steps.

"What the fuck is that?" Billy's eyes go wide as he pushes Steve behind him.

Steve grabs Billy's arm firmly as Dustin holds onto Will tightly.

"Don't move." Steve says quietly through his teeth.

The demogorgon comes stalking towards them faster and stops right in front of Billy and Steve, breathing them in from head to toe.

It reaches its claw out and is about to touch Steve but Billy grabs the

things arm and twists until it lets out a loud squeal and opens its face up at Billy.

"Stop!" Will yells suddenly, the demogorgon freezing before slowly closing its face.

"Go- Go back down to the basement..?" Will stutters out, shakily pointing his finger in the direction.

The demogorgon stands still for a few moments before turning and stalking down the basement stairs.

Dustin and Will run over and slam the basement door shut, sliding down against it.

"Shit shit shit. It listened to you!" Dustin pants, running a hand through his hair as Will breathes heavily beside him.

Steve follows them out into the hallway, Billy stumbling after him with wide eyes.

"Where the hell did you get that thing shitheads!?" Steve yells out quietly, crossing his arms and then uncrossing them before crossing them again.

"Better and *way* more relevant question- What the hell was that thing?" Billy butts in, furrowing his eyebrows and running a hand through his hair.

"It's the one from the fridge. We were dissecting it.. And- Found the things heart- And it came back to life after Will touched it." Dustin mumbles, staring down at the floor.

"*DISSECTING IT*?! *You*- You fucking morons! **Jesus christ**. Oh my god." Steve paces back and forth, hands tugging at his hair.

Billy grabs his arms and holds him still.

"Relax. We can just call the cops and they can kill whatever the fuck it is." Billy says quietly, locking eyes with Steve who freezes and swallows down the lump in his throat.

"Hopper! Yes! God- I hate you like.. Maybe two percent less now?" Dustin grins, jumping up and darting to the phone in the kitchen.

"I should probably call my mom too. Can you uh- Hold the door?" Will stands up on shaky legs and dusts his jeans off.

"Yeah kid. Go do what you gotta do." Billy nods his head towards the kitchen before Will hurries off.

Steve and Billy sink down against the door and Steve turns to face Billy.

It struck him as weird how quick Billy was to throw himself in front of Steve and protect him. How he calmed him down when he started to panic. How it worked so easily. Steve began to think that maybe that one night, something had been off kilter. Maybe it wasn't Steve or even Sinclair who Billy had meant to be swinging at. But something or someone way scarier than the monster in the basement.

And maybe, someone just needed to bring Billy back to life.

4. Joyce and Hopper

Summary for the Chapter:

hop and joyce came back to the house.. together?
will is a ball of anxiety
dustin eats
steve and billy touch hands *gasp*

Notes for the Chapter:

you know i love my jopper.
this one goes out to david harbour ;)

Joyce and Hopper

Joyce shakily unlocks the door, Hopper sliding in past her and stomping out into the kitchen.

Will runs into Joyce's arms as soon as he sees her. She wraps her arms around him tightly and presses kisses into his hair.

"Baby what were you thinking?! You promised me you got rid of that thing." Joyce kneels down to his level and runs her hands all over his face like she's making sure he's real. She has that panicky upside down face on and her breathing is ragged.

Hopper coughs out a sound of disbelief at the fact she even let that thing in the house in the first place. Dustin glares at him.

"I dunno mom... I just- Couldn't let something like that go without knowing how it works. I'm sorry." Will mumbles out, Joyce's hands now cupping his pale cheeks.

"I'm just glad you're okay." She sighs, pulling him in for another quick hug before standing up and looking in the same direction as Hopper.

Billy and Steve were slouched down against the basement door while Dustin leaned against the opposite wall and took a bite out of a

chocolate bar.

"Is it still alive?" Hopper puts one hand on his hip and rubs the other down over his face in clear annoyance as he looks over to Will.

"Uh.. Yeah." Will nods, gulping.

"Alright what aren't you telling me kid?" Hopper huffs out reluctantly, rolling his eyes.

"I- I touched its heart and it listens to me now.." Will mutters out, his face pale as Joyce and Hopper's eyes widen.

"You did what?" They both gasp at the same time, Joyce grabbing Wills arms and dropping to her knees in front of him.

She's got those crazy eyes again and Hopper pulls her back up onto her feet and away from Will.

"Jesus can you just come kill this thing?" Billy grunts as the demogorgon thumps against the door, Steve accidentally placing his hand over Billy's as he moves back farther against the door.

Hopper whips out his pistol and cocks it before stepping into the hallway.

"Move." Hopper sniffs boredly, aiming his gun towards the door.

Billy pulls Steve up and nudges Dustin to follow them out through the kitchen doorway.

The door moves a few more times before the knob slowly turns and the door creaks open.

Hopper takes a breath and nearly shoots before a head of red curls pops up from the stairs, covered in black goo.

It's Barbara Holland.

Notes for the Chapter:

> okay, since i'm making this my like version of season 3 and i dont know where this is going, the number of chapters to be posted will fluctuate depending on where i'm seeing this going.
> sorry this was short but i hope the surprise ending was enough to make up for the lack of well, content.
> x

5. Billy, Steve and Lucas

Summary for the Chapter:

steve is in shock
billy is confused
everyone else is just there for the ride.

Billy and Steve

"What the actual fuck is going on right now?" Billy swallows as Steve clutches onto the back of his shirt.

"Holy shit, it's Barb!" Dustin scoffs out with a wide grin as Hopper pulls Barb away from the basement steps and slams the door. He lowers his pistol but doesn't put it away.

"S-Steve? Where's Nancy?" Barb stutters out, rubbing some of the black sludge from her cracked glasses.

Will steps further behind Joyce and sinks in on himself.

"Barb- You were- You were dead- What the- Shit. Shit what the hell is going on Henderson?! Byers?! What did you do?!" Steve starts panicking, Billy furrowing his eyebrows and pushing Steve further behind him.

"Where did the demogorgon go?" Joyce asks in confusion, looking around at everyone.

"Where's Nancy?" Barb breathes out, starting to sound panicky.

"Joyce- Ms. Byers- She has asthma... Do you uh-" Steve steps forward, grasping Barbs shoulder and shuddering as she freezes.

"I'll go get Jonathan's old inhaler." She nods before scurrying off to the bathroom.

"Hi. Ms. Holland- I'm gonna need you to tell me where you've been

this past year or so once you calm down. Alright? Then we can call your parents." Hopper clears his throat, carefully putting his gun back in its holster before stepping forward and nudging Steve away.

Steve stands still and lets out a small huff as Billy pulls him back.

"They- They buried you." Will stutters out, eyes wide as he stares at her.

"Will-" Billy starts but Will continues-

"You were dead! I saw you! It got you!" Will starts shouting as Joyce comes back out and shoves the inhaler into Hoppers arms.

She grabs Will and pulls him down the hallway to his room.

"Harrington. You three go wait outside, alright? I'll be right there." Hopper nods towards the front door and Steve reluctantly stomps out the door, Billy and Dustin following behind him.

Dustin digs through Steve's pockets as he stands there silently. He holds up his keys with a triumphant grin and unlocks the Beemers trunk. Billy lights up a cigarette and leans against the wall behind Steve.

"I know you guys hate me and all- Think I'm the anti-christ or whatever. But at some point someones gotta tell me what the hell is going on here." Billy mumbles around his cigarette, looking down at the ground.

"I don't hate you." Steve mutters out, turning to face Billy with a blank stare.

"God don't pull your white knight shit on me, I busted your face up. Of course you fuckin' hate me." Billy rolls his eyes, laughing bitterly as he lets out a shaky breath of smoke.

"No. I don't. Never did." Steve shakes his head before grabbing Billy's cigarette and placing it between his own lips.

"S'that so?" Billy snorts, quirking an eyebrow.

"Doesn't mean you're not an asshole though." Steve shrugs before throwing the cigarette to the concrete and stomping it out. He twists on his heel and goes to prevent Dustin from impaling himself with something out of the trunk.

"You buddy, buddy with Hargrove now too?" Dustin grumbles as he grabs out a crowbar and grimaces.

"Don't think he knows what a buddy is, to be honest." Steve grins down at Dustin and ruffles his mop of curls.

"Fair enough. So uh- How are you feeling about the whole Barb thing?" Dustin gulps, looking back down in the trunk.

"She's acting weird. I don't know. One second there's a demogorgon playing Simon Says with Will, the next Nancy's dead friend is popping up the stairs looking like she guest starred in the Evil Dead." Steve shrugs, frowning down at his bat.

Of course this wasn't over. At this point, Steve had accepted that it probably never would be. But now with Barb back, Steve felt even worse. Something was wrong. He knew it from the look on Will's face as soon as she crawled her way up the stairs. It was back as soon as it had gone. Just now, there were more people involved, one of them being possibly the most confusing people Steve would ever meet, Billy Hargrove.

"Yo Harrington! Chief wants us back inside." Billy yells from the doorway, quirking an eyebrow at him and Dustin as they walk up carrying a multitude of weapons.

Dustin shoves a fire axe into Billy's arms and he grunts slightly.

"Uh-" Billy starts but Steve stops in front of him and bites his lip as Dustin walks past inside.

"I can drive you home right now-" Steve starts but Billy cuts him off.

"You and the kid in danger?" Billy mumbles, locking eyes with Steve.

"I mean, yeah. But it's nothing new." Steve says quietly.

"Then I'm staying, pretty boy." Billy slaps a hand on his shoulder and it lingers for a second before he turns and heads inside.

Steve stares after him in confusion.

A few seconds later, Nancy swerves in the driveway, scurrying out of the car like a mad man and dropping a ton of stuff. She goes to pick it up but stops and just runs inside past Steve.

Jonathan gets out a second later, leaning against the car door before puking.

"Byers? Car sick man?" Steve holds back a grin before rushing over and rubbing his back as he continues puking.

"We were all the way across town. She nearly-" He stops to puke again-

"She nearly hit the mailman." Jonathan finishes, leaning over on his knees and wiping some spit from his mouth with the back of his sleeve.

"Come on, let's go get you some crackers or something." Steve snorts, tossing his arm around Jonathan and leading him inside.

When they get inside, Steve sets Jonathan down at the kitchen table and digs through the cabinets until he finds some crackers. He tosses them at Jonathan before filling up a glass of water and setting it in front of him.

Jonathan takes a long sip and tilts his head back.

"So." Jonathan pinches the bridge of his nose and leans his arms against the table.

"So. How ya feelin?" Steve rocks back and forth on his heels.

Max and Mike run through the door, carrying Lucas by the shoulders.

"He- He broke his arm! Ms. Byers!" Max screams, her and Mike dropping Lucas down on the couch in the living room as Max goes into some wild hysteria and Mike leans back on the couch next to Lucas with a roll of his eyes.

Joyce comes rushing out with Hopper right behind her.

"Oh sweetie. We have to get him to the hospital." Joyce winces as she sees a bloody bone poking out of his elbow, kneeling down in front of Lucas.

"Jesus it's one god damn thing after another." Hopper groans, pacing back and forth as Max does the same.

"I can take him." Billy sighs from where he's leaning against the doorway.

"No- No way Billy!" Max scoffs, stopping her pacing for a second to glare at him.

"Me and Bill can go. M'gonna need his help carrying around Sinclair anyways." Steve grabs his keys from his coat pocket and nods from Billy to Lucas.

Billy carefully picks up Lucas, much to literally everyone's surprise, and carries him out with Steve.

"How the hell did you break your arm?" Steve pouts as he starts the car, Billy sitting in the back with Lucas to keep him sitting upright.

"There was something that came running out of the woods when we were coming up the driveway- It knocked me off my bike and I landed on a rock or something." Lucas winces, squeezing his eyes shut.

"So what color cast you gonna get?" Billy raises an eyebrow.

"Bil-" Steve starts but Lucas cuts him off.

"Blue." Lucas smiles weakly.

Steve bites his lip and looks through the rear view mirror back at

Billy and Lucas as they break into conversation.

Something was happening and for once, Steve wasn't dreading it.

Notes for the Chapter:

> honestly i'm winging all this shit. wish me luck. or dont? all good mans.

6. Billy, Steve and Lucas

Summary for the Chapter:

> a lot of people get fixed up in this chapter, physically and metaphorically, sorta

Notes for the Chapter:

> FINALLY, i'm doing it
> look at me
> writing something
> even if it's shit
> woooo i can do stuff again

"Hi how can I help you boys?" The nurse at the counter smiles widely, gum smacking in her mouth as Billy holds Lucas up and Steve looks around nervously.

"Urh- We need a doctor. He broke his arm." Steve mumbles, biting at his thumbnail and looking down.

"Have you called the parents? We need their insurance information." The nurse's smile falls slightly as she catches sight of the bone protruding from his arm.

Lucas looks up at Billy nervously who puts on a charming smile.

"He's my son, ma'am." Billy grins wildly, ruffling Lucas' hair.

"He's- Sir he's-" The nurse gulps as she looks for the words to say.

"He's black? Hm? I certainly hope this isn't a race issue. We, adopted this little rugrat. Isn't that right Richard?" Billy pulls Steve into his other arm and Steve blinks rapidly.

"Yes. Yes. I uh- I won't be using my- our insurance. Just cash. Right now. For our son. He is, adopted. And that is- Yeah, that is my partner uh- Biiirad- Brad. Our um- Son. Needs a cast. For his arm." Steve fumbles for his wallet and sets down a stack full of bills before smiling nervously at Billy and Lucas who raise their eyebrows at him.

"Okay *honey*. I'm sure she gets it. *And she's gonna make sure our little guy gets the best care possible. Yeah?*" Billy mumbles through a tight lipped smile, glaring at the lady before letting his arm fall from Steve and moving Lucas to a set of chairs.

"Alright just um- Fill out these forms please. A doctor will be out in a minute." She mumbles awkwardly, looking away and shoving the clipboard across the counter.

"Did you just tell the nurse I have gay dads?" Lucas furrows his eyebrows as Billy sinks low in the chair beside him.

"What you got an issue with gay people, *son*?" Billy narrows his eyes at him.

"Nah. I got an issue with you though." Lucas snorts, rolling his eyes and turning to look at Steve who is fidgeting in the chair on his other side.

"Man, Steve. Calm down." Lucas sighs, tilting his head back, looking incredibly bored and unfazed by the bone popping out of his arm.

"I am calm. I'm incredibly fucking calm. Barb is back. There's a demodog somewhere at Will's. I'm married to a man and have a kid. This is all normal. *I am so fucking calm*." Steve mumbles while his leg bounces up and down.

Billy walks around and plops down in the seat next to Steve, setting his hand on Steve's thigh.

"Sweetheart, chill the fuck out." Billy smiles sickeningly sweet as a doctor walks by and side eyes them.

"*Brad* if you don't move your hand right now, I will murder you." Steve breathes out heavily.

Billy moves his hand further up Steve's thigh and Steve squirms in his seat.

"Jesus can you guys not fuck in the waiting room? Wait til we get back to the Byers for your honeymoon." Lucas huffs, wincing when he moves his arm too much.

Billy gets up quickly and hurries to Lucas' side.

"Hey! Can we get a fucking doctor pronto!" Billy yells back at the nurse while he puts his hand under Lucas' arm to support it.

Steve stares at Billy in shock as he calms Lucas down.

The nurse grabs a doctor and they take Lucas back into an exam room, Billy and Steve being kept outside in the hallway.

"You'd be a good dad. You know.." Steve mumbles quietly, looking down at the dirty white tile.

"Bullshit." Billy scoffs, nudging their shoulders together.

"I mean it. Just take the fucking compliment alright?" Steve sighs, looking up, their faces inches apart.

"You have to say that though. Since we're married and all, right?" Billy smiles down at the ground and nudges his shoe with Steve's.

"Is this a crack at me being *bisexual*? Jesus you're worse than the kids." Steve rolls his eyes, crossing his arms.

"You told the kids? You told Maxine?" Billy startles and his eyes go wide.

"Yeah. She was uh- A little surprised by it. But she said it was cool, she was friends with someone who was gay or some shit." Steve shrugs, dropping his arms and turning away.

"Steve- Just- Watch who you tell that to okay? I know some awful fucking people who would do some awful fucking shit. Just uh- Shit.. Let me know if anyone gives you any problems." Billy rubs a hand over his face and then through his hair.

"What so you can high five them?" Steve snorts.

"No, so I can make sure they never come the hell near you again." Billy grumbles, biting his lip.

"I can take care of myself." Steve huffs.

"Sure you can, Harrington."

"I fucking can, alright?"

"How about you just let someone give a shit about you for once? Jesus you babysit thirteen year old's all day, Max says your parents are never fucking there. Let me give a shit. Because I do- Okay? And I never give a shit. So obviously you've fucked me up." Billy blurts out, arms crossed.

"I fucked you up?! You smashed *a plate* over my head!" Steve scoffs.

"Jesus I'M SORRY."

"Obviously. Don't give a shit about me because you feel like you need to make up for something. I was fine before that shit and I'm perfectly fine now. I don't need your pity." Steve mutters, scuffing his shoe against the tile.

"Good, because I don't have any god damn pity to give you, asshole." Billy huffs.

"Good." Steve tilts his chin up indignantly.

"Greeeat." Billy rolls his eyes.

"Amazing." Steve sighs.

"Wonderful." Billy shoots back.

"Jesus Christ will you two shut the hell up?" Lucas huffs as the nurse walks him out with a purple cast.

"What happened to the green cast?" Billy narrows his eyes at the nurse.

"Doctor said I couldn't pick a color." Lucas shrugs with a small frown.

"Bullshit. Get that bastard out here- He can fucking paint the god damn thing now. Racist bastard- Every kid gets to pick the god damn

color." Billy says angrily, pulling Lucas into his side.

"Billy sto-" Lucas starts but Steve butts in.

"Give my kid the god damn color he wants or I will sue you assholes for racial profiling- I'm a lawyer!" Steve blurts out, his face bright red as he stands by Billy's side.

Billy looks slightly impressed and grins down at the ground before going back to his initial glare.

"I- I'll go find him." The nurse scurries off looking baffled.

"Let's just go. I'm not letting that racist old white man twist my arm around anymore." Lucas shoves past them and grabs a lollipop on his way out.

"A lawyer huh?" Billy raises an eyebrow at Steve as they walk out, hands stuffed in his pockets.

"Eh yeah. Always wanted to be one, my dad said I wasn't smart enough. He's probably right, I can barely fight for these kids, how am I supposed to fight for anyone else?" Steve sighs half heartedly, leaning against the frame of the beemer, Billy leaning opposite.

"These kids look up to you, Harrington. You're a hero in their eyes. And you're pretty fucking brilliant to me." Billy smiles softly before sliding into the passengers side.

When they get back to the Byers', Lucas waits outside until Steve goes in.

"You want something, Sinclair?" Billy grunts, cigarette between his lips as he flicks open his lighter.

"Your dad is a racist, fag hating piece of shit and you like our babysitter. Sometimes you're not so bad, sometimes you're a piece of shit. Also, for future reference, Steve does better when you're more

direct with your advances. And uh- Wanna sign my cast, dad?" Lucas grins shyly up at him, holding out a sharpie.

"You're really blunt, anyone ever tell you that?" Billy sighs as he signs the cast, right next to Steve's name.

"Usually I try not to be an asshole, but since both of us here have that in common, I figured we could talk in our own little language." Lucas pats Billy's shoulder with his good arm and throws him a wink.

"Jesus of course Max likes you, you're a little fucking weirdo. Go the hell inside, shit." Billy tilts his head back in laughter as he shoves Lucas towards the door.

"Later Brad!" Lucas calls out as the door slams.

"God I hate kids." Billy shakes his head with a grin, taking a long drag of his cigarette.

Steve pops his head out and raises an eyebrow at Billy.

"You okay?" Steve bites down on his bottom lip as he shuts the door behind him and stands with his hands stuffed in his pockets on the porch.

"Yeah. Want one?" Billy holds out his pack.

Steve grabs the cigarette from between his lips and inhales slowly.

"C'mon. There's a porch swing out back. I can explain everything." Steve nods his head before heading around back.

Author's Note:

> hey i felt p manic when i woke up so i managed to write something
> this may be long or short. i dont know. probably long. i hope?
> i have trouble finishing things but i think i got this one

it'll be in parts ft. certain characters.
not reaaaaally a slow burn but not really a fast one either?
gonna have lots of harringrove friend/lover moments, but i'm gonna ft other people as well.
so, welcome to my take on STRANGER THINGS season 3
enjoy

ps i never spellcheck anything and i only write when i can barely open my eyes so if this is shit it is definitely my dumbass fault and i couldn't possibly care less